

Lapis cloak deepest azure strokes
Of acrylic paint, starscapes and
Rainbows, un cielo de oro
Madre Xóchitl de las montañas.

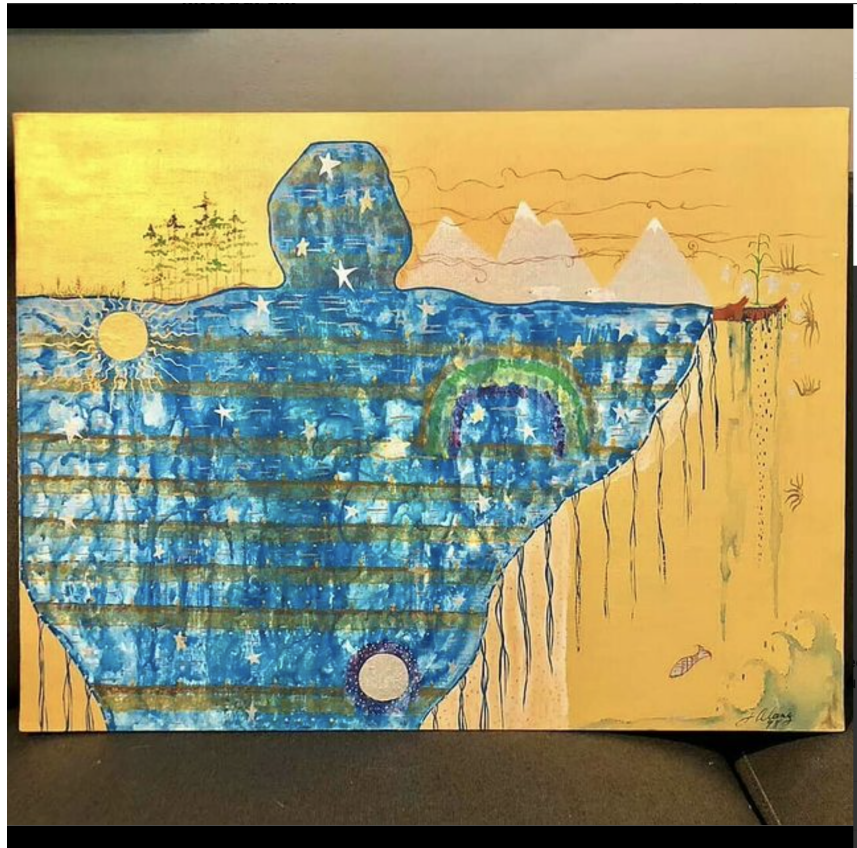
In the wind drifting, wisps of locks,
Generations lost in her earth tones,
Whose shoulder grows sequoia groves
Madre Xóchitl de los árboles.

From whose hands the rivers flow
And maíz engenders, complexion
Of clay, tanned by day
Madre Xóchitl del sol.

Who tosses the tide, the holy
Coast home of her riches, once
The moon was risen my tears abated
Madre Xóchitl de la luna.

Her back to me, miracles of
Creation unseen, part and parcel
In her workings
Madre Xóchitl de las flores.

“Madre Xóchitl” by Joseph Nuñez



“Her seeds explode” by Juanita Cynthia Alaniz.
18x24 Acrylic on canvas.